

# The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow.

To the Tune of, *Dulcina.*

Vol. II 230



**F**rom Obrion in Fairy Land,  
the King of Ghosts and Shaddows there,  
Had Robin I at his command,  
am sent to blew the Night-sports here:

What a bel Rout,  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go;  
I will o'ze see,  
And merry be,  
And make good sport with, ho ho ho.

More swift then Light ning can I flye,  
and round about this Ayre welkin loon,  
And in a minutes space discry,  
each thing that's done beneath the Moon:

There's not a Pig,  
Nor Ghost shall wag,  
Nor cry Goblin where I do go,  
But Robin I,  
Their seats will spy,  
And fear them home with, ho ho ho.

If any Wanderers I meet,  
that from their night-sports do trudge home, And out the Candles I do blow,  
With counteringing voice I greet,  
and cause them on with me to come  
Through woods, through lakes,

Through bogs through brakes,  
O'ze Bush and Wyer with them I go,  
I call upon

Them to come on,  
And wend me laughing, ho ho ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
Sometimes an Ox, Sometimes a Hound,  
And to a Horse I turn me can,  
to trip and trot about them round:

But if to Ride,  
By back they stride,  
More swift then wind, away I go,  
O'ze hedge and Lands,  
Through Woods and Ponds,  
I whistly laughing, ho ho ho.

When Lads and Lasses merry be,  
with Wessets and with junksies fine,  
Unseen of all the Company,  
I eat their Cakes and drink their Wine:

And to make sport,  
I fart and snort,  
I fart and snort,  
The Wards I kiss,  
They shrike, whose this?  
I answer nought but, ho ho ho.

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They shriek, whose this?  
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**Y**ET now and then the Spads to please,  
I Card at midnight up their Wool,  
And while they sleep snort, fart, and sneeze,  
With Wheel to thread their Flax I pull:  
I grind at Mill,

Their Spault up still,  
I byles their hems I spin their Tow,  
If any ke,

And would me take,  
I wend me laughing, ho ho ho.

When House or Herth doth fluttish ye,  
I pinch the Spads there black and blew,  
And from the Bed, the Bed-cloaths I,  
pull off and lay them nak'd to view:

I wixt sleep and wake,  
I do them take,  
And on the Key-cold flower them throw,

Alout they cry,  
Then forth flye I,  
And loudly laugh, ho ho ho.

When any need to borrow ought,  
we lend them what they do requyre,  
And for the use demand we nought,  
our own is all we do desire:

If to repay,  
Why do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go,  
And night by night,  
I them fright

With pinching dreams, and ho ho ho.

When lazy queans have nought to do,  
but stubb how to cog and lye;  
To make debate and mischief too,  
Twixt one another secretly:

I mark their glole,

And it disclose  
To them which they have wronged so:  
When I have done,  
I get me gone,  
And leade them scolding, ho ho ho.  
When men do traps and Engines set  
in loop-holes where the Hermine creep,  
That from their folds and Houses steal  
their Ducks and Geese, their Lambs & Sheep

I spy the gin,  
And enter in,  
And seems a Hermine taken so;  
But when they there,  
Approach me near,  
I leap out laughing, ho ho ho.

By Wells and Ciles in Meadows green,  
we nightly dance our hy-day gulls,  
And to our Fairy King and Queen,  
we chaunt our Moon-light harmonies:

When Larks gin sing,  
Away we sing,  
And Wakes new-boyn steal as we go:  
An Elf in Bed,  
We leade in dead,

And wend us laughing, ho ho ho.

From Hay-bred Merlins time have I,  
thus might y Rebel'd to and fro,  
And for my Wranks Men call me by  
the name of Robin Good-fellow.

Fiende, Goblins, and Spittes,  
That haunt the nights,  
The hags and Goblins do me know,  
And Belcams old,  
My feats to be told,

So Vale, vale, ho ho ho.